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CRIMINAL DRIVING.

A maddened horse, dragging the remnants of a stylish cutter, dashed unguided and uncontrolled last night through one of the busiest portions of the city, endangering the lives of numerous pedestrians, injuring one person severely, damaging and destroying valuable property, and receiving himself injuries apparently of a serious nature. According to reliable stories of the affair the responsibility for this runaway, its lamentable consequences and its close approach to results even more disastrous is to be laid at the feet of one man—Mr. SMOGSON WORK.

Mr. Work is said not to have been in condition to drive a spirited animal. Yet he insisted on driving, and his reckless handling of the reins brought about its inevitable result.

An employee who accompanied Mr. Work, avowedly apprehensive of what might follow the latter's reckless venture, jumped from the sleigh to save himself at the very moment when a steady hand and nerve might have saved the day.

No pilot should desert his helm when lives are at stake, and no driver should let go his lines while his strength lasts. The responsibility for letting a crazed horse with a loose rein dash through a crowded thoroughfare is great and should be met with fitting punishment.

Is it not a case for the Grand Jury?

INDIAN TREACHERY.

If there is a quality more detestable than another in the human creature it is treachery, and this is the most characteristic trait of the Indian. All the poetry of FENIMORE COOPER can not do away with this vile streak in the redskin, which repeated events in our National history have demonstrated only too clearly.

Bio Foot's surrender, which seemed the same fixating out of the threatened disturbance on the part of the Indians, was made in a treacherous Indian fashion which resulted in the death of two soldiers and the wounding of a score of others.

The misery that our National treatment of the Indians, who, after all, are not dogs, has made almost any condition on their part open to some extension. But this atrocious action of Bio Foot may precipitate the war which seemed to have been avoided. In which case, if the troops shoot, they should shoot to kill.

ICE PROSPECTS.

Now is all right from the standpoint of the merry sleigher, but it is in the way of the ice harvester. With an ermine mantle several inches thick to be removed from the frozen breast of the Hudson before the ice can be cut, immediate laying in of next Summer's supply is out of the question.

Assurances are made by the ice barons that ice will be plentiful and cheap next Summer. But people will prefer to wait and see how the ice bills run during the next heated term. A difference of a cent only in the price per ton of the glacial product means a drop of several thousand dollars in the ice companies' receipts, so they are more interested than anybody in its value.

PLUCK.

Two boys, fifteen and fourteen respectively, have accomplished the feat of coming from San Francisco to New York without out disbursing a penny. They "beat" their way on the trails, wheeling conchitos into giving them passage, or, when the conductor was obdurate, stealing a ride on a freight-car. They had no overcoats, and it was not a pleasure trip.

They are orphans, and came East to look up their "Uncle John." It is to be hoped they may find him, and that he will give his promising nephews a lift in life. Such boys need only a little help, as they are a power in themselves. They are English lads, but evidently with an American temperament.

GOOD WORK.

A band of bank-robbers bagged a pretty pot of money yesterday noon from the Merchants' Exchange Bank in Chicago. They had a mile-start on the police, who, with beautiful promptness, ran them all down and secured every penny they had taken. Circumstances were against the robbers, but their capture reflects credit on the Chicago police. Happily, no detective work was required. The "gents" showed a brazen nerve in their attempt which has made them the admiration of the late JAMES JAMES. It is a blessing that they are bagged and will be put where their talents shall have no opportunity for exercise.

WONDERFUL SURGERY.

The case of Mrs. EMMA MINNIE WILKE is a truly wonderful example of surgery if it results as satisfactorily as the doctors anticipate. Through an accident her scalp and ear were completely torn from her skull by a piece of revolving belt. The scalp has been replaced, neatly stitched on, and the woman is now doing nicely.

It will be a wonderful example of what modern surgery has achieved if the case results favorably and the woman is healed.

The Police Justices have been assigned to their stamping grounds. Justice DRYDEN

goes to the salubrious stretches of Harlem to purify the locality of its malarial miasma, and "Little Judge DRYDEN" will season justice with humor in the aromatic loneliness of Morrisania. NED HARRISON, when reproached about his grammar, said he could "pass a sentence as well as DRIVER," which may stir the brand-new Justice to lively work in his judgment-mill. Good luck to them all.

Senator VANCE has taken time by the forelock in taking the Sub-Treasury Bill to his heart. He will support that measure, he says in a letter, and will do anything else that his dear people of North Carolina may desire. Having succeeded in overcoming his prejudice against the pet scheme of the Farmers' Alliance, he will probably succeed himself in the United States Senate.

Of all gratuitous prophecies those which make a date for the end of the world are the most irritating and senseless. The consummate brass of these pseudo-seers in announcing the coming of the kingly who himself declared that not even the angels knew its time, is a little too fatiguing. Let the poor old world wag on undisturbed.

Fourteen millions have been declared a fancy price for Alaska by an expert on that country, who also asserts that the cod and salmon fisheries are the only things of value to-day in that chilly region. If Secretary BLAINE can only discover some means of protecting the sealing industry there this ought not to be true.

It is said that Senator FAIRWELL's abuse of the Administration has cost him what remaining hope he had of re-election. Not that Illinois Republicans love the President any better than they should, but they realize that the Grand Old Party is in such a state that its leaders can't afford just now to throw stones at each other.

A man can hardly be blamed for leaving his money, even if it runs into millions, almost entirely to his family. But when the possessor of such an immense fortune dies it certainly has a wholesome air about it to bequeath some portion of such vast wealth to the needs of the unnumbered poor and suffering.

Nearly all the incoming boats have some tale of disaster to ship or passenger as the result of the Atlantic's stormy carcases. But that there is no more mishapening in such a fleet of transatlantic liners is a credit to the seamanship of the boats' officers.

This holiday weather is as variable as a coquette.

THE CLEANER.

Most of the municipal officials who were indicted and resigned during the excitement attendant on the first sessions of the Facetious Investigating Committee are at present applicants for place at the hands of Tammany. They are pleading that they resigned as a matter of party expediency, although they were not guilty of wrongful acts, and cite the fact that the indictment against them has been dismissed. Among them, I understand, are ex-Deputy Sheriff Julius Kaufmann and Patrick Fitzgerald and ex-Warden Keating, of Ludlow Street Jail. The two former are making strenuous efforts to regain their old-time positions, while Mr. Keating desires very much to be Chief Clerk of the City Court.

I hear that there is a possibility in the not very remote future, of a shaking up in the Finance Department which will result in the retirement of a number of County and non-placable Democrats to make room for Tammany Hall men. Tammany Hall claims, I am told, that Comptroller Myers would have gone down with the wreck of the rest of the P. M. ticket if it had not nominated him, and, therefore, will demand of him some recognition in the nature of patronage.

Domitius J. Farrell, who was last night made a Police Court Clerk's Assistant, was a college mate of Mayor Grant. He lives in the college district and will probably act as the personal clerk of Police Justice McMahon, his district leader. While the salary—\$2,000 a year—is not a very large one, the position is one greatly desired because the hours of rest Sunday and the vacations are so large, now that there are fifteen judges to do the work of seven courts.

I experienced a feeling of surprise on reading that Paul Baha had expressed himself in the Park House as favorably disposed towards the Elevated Railroad company's scheme for a loop in Battery Park. Mr. Baha is too well-informed a newspaper man not to know the depths of the public sentiment against a further giving-up to the railroad of space in this beautiful and necessary downtown breathing-place. The young and new Commissioner's conclusions must be very positive, since they have led him to face this sentiment.

The pretty girls of the Normal College will be likely to derive very persistently and deeply into English Literature for the rest of the school year, inspired by a Commissioner's suggestion of the offer of a prize gold watch to the student who should win the highest grade in English literature. And here's not only to the girl who wins the record, but to the general Commissioner, who knows how to foster interest in a healthy branch of study.

The limitations of latency, or the subjects of latency, seem to be indefinable. Dr. David D. Eason, who arrived home yesterday on the Aller, tells me that many a word and during attempts were made, both in Berlin and on the journey, to put him of the supply of Dr. Koch's lymph, which he had secured with great difficulty from the scientist's laboratory. Dr. Eason's room in his Berlin hotel was repeatedly rided in his absence, but the doctor wisely carried the precious fish about his person and it thus escaped the thieves. On the Aller he was awakened one morning in his stateroom by a hand under his pillow, but in this case also the thief was disappointed. Dr. Eason brought his lymph safely ashore and will use it in experiments at his house of Rest for Consumptives and at his private sanatorium, at 218 Madison avenue.

LITERARY NOTE.

The double-page cartoon in *Puck* of Dec. 31, entitled "Not Receiving This Year," shows some of our shilling Congressional rights in a bad predicament. Messrs. Everts, Ingalls, Blair, et al., have resorted to make their first call upon "Mr. Columbia," but they believe that their room is better than their company, has shut them out. President Harrison is having a hard struggle to get his call into the house; if he keeps on shrinking as he has for the past few months, there will soon be nothing but the hat left for *Puck* to caricature.

Chronicle.

From the *Washington Post*:
 "Miss Yelton isn't going to sing to-night," said the hostess to the man who ought to have stayed at home: "she has a cold. It is too bad; she is in such a state of mind that she can't sing."

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Braided Sleeves Add to a Dress—
 New Cloaks for Babies—
 Trimming Is the Latest—
 The Bernhardt Mantelette.

Braided sleeves give an air of distinction to a dress and are not nearly as troublesome to wear with a jacket as the velvet ones which were so much seen last year. They may be braided on cloth like the dress or cloth of a contrasting color, and at present it is quite safe to indulge in the fancy, though later on doubtless they will be made distressingly common by cheap imitation.



The new cloaks for babies are in the form of a short pelisse of white fox fur. The cape is made entirely of the fur, while the under-sleeves are of cashmere, with the skirt entirely covered with a deep ruche of the fur, and the baby in the midst of it looks like a huge and animated powder puff.

The late Lady Rosebery, only daughter of the Baron de Rothschild, though possessed of an income of half a million a year, had no desire to rush into politics or to become a society queen. She was content to reign over her own family only, to exercise no role but "home" rule, and in society was described as languid, good tempered and wholly unaffected.

Our Winter girl will be very Russian this year. Her gowns will be fur-trimmed, and in addition she will wear all the furs that she can conveniently carry.

One of the newest things in the way of capes is the Bernhardt mantelette, which is something between a cape and a collar, and is most becoming to any one who, like the celebrated actress, has a long, slender throat. One of these is wholly of velvet and jet; another is of thick, rich black lace. The shoulder cape is no longer than a large, old-fashioned collar, reaching to the shoulders and pointed at the back, and with long, pointed ends in front. The reaching quite half way down the skirt. A reaching velvet collar, very much open in front, finishes this bit of special decoration. A copy of the lace mantelette in white would be equally effective, but less useful.

In the article on "Dowries," the *North American Review* says: "The true way to train a girl to be a helpmeet as well as a wife, no matter what the financial outlook may be, is to show her that there are rich girls and poor girls who would be a fortune in themselves to any honest but poor young man, and there are also penniless girls and well-to-do girls who would be a burden to a husband under any circumstances. Train the girls to be helpful and independent, train them to hold right views of life and to make the most of their own personal resources, and the dowry question will look out for itself."

Close ornamentation—hair-trimming—new and novel. The effectiveness of nail decorations has suggested this to the dressmakers, but the metal nails are replaced by jet or crystal cabochons, invisibly pierced at the sides with holes and sewn to the material in various geometrical devices. A dress in myrtle green has its front breadth, which is cut in the edge up with twenty-five jet beads delicately with faceted beads.

In London town one woman in every twenty is a pauper, one in every thirteen is illiterate and one in every sixty is a drunkard. In a recent report to the London Board of Education Annie Bennett said that the English child had greater need for industrial than mental training.

You are sitting quite quietly watching the old year as it fades away and the new one as it comes in, says Luth Ashmore in her "Words to Girls." You think of all the joys and sorrows that have come to you during 1890, and of your hopes and wishes for 1891; you reflect just as you did a year ago—that you will make a great resolve that the year shall be better and your life nobler and more useful than it was last year. Now, don't do that. Don't make the big resolve. Think, hope and pray what you want to, but in its place carry a lot of little resolves that each one of which will be time and trouble to make. You want the goal you desire to, resolve to think a little less about yourself and a little more of the comfort of others. Resolve to be less quick of speech and more certain in action than you have been. It is not to let the market little demon of envy enter your house and make you turn and tear your friends. Resolve to consider those of your own household; the inclination on the part of the many of us is to reserve our virtues and our graces for the outside, and this is all wrong. My dear girls, you had better blush before, second daughters and good sisters, than to let your imagination as bright talents and great beauty without any home training. I like that word, home; I use it perhaps in a different sense from the one you give it. It may be belonging to the home, and as the home is the place where love and charity should abide, so the talents that belong to it are best worth possessing. And here every one of you and give you some day a home of your own. It may come in the new year. It may be in the year that is far off, but if it never comes, just remember that the talent of making a home may be better, and even though you can only expect it is a little longer you must not bury it and count it of no value.

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HARRIGAN.

Harrigan is history, and history, as we know, repeats itself. Dramatic writers of to-day are all telling what Harrigan has done for the native drama, and how he did it, and when he did it, and why he did it. He has occupied a distinct and unique place upon the American stage, and now it looks as though he were beginning to occupy it all over again, as "owner, proprietor and lessee" of the distinct and unique place.

The greeting accorded to the eminent Edward last night was not in the least reminiscent. The cheers that rolled forth tempestuously were quite as much in hope of pleasures to come as in recognition of joys received. Harrigan stood in his brand-new theatre, and bowed as solemnly as a Carmichael. He was delighted with everybody and overjoyed with his nice, cheerful theatre, all venerated and nurtured and full of possibilities. He even introduced the "promoter" of the scheme to the audience—a proceeding that was entirely unnecessary, inasmuch as it retarded "Nelly and the 400," and showed a gentleman who really wasn't a wonder to look upon. Of course everybody felt grateful to him for "promoting" the scheme.

And the Harrigan favorite! It was like receiving a lot of lost lambs into a cherished theatrical fold. There was Mrs. Yeamans, as great an artist in her own particular line as Bernhardt, she was a member of Augustin Day's company since the old Harrigan troupe last appeared here. Yet she had absorbed none of Augustin's theatrical meditations. She was her own alibi and self, and that is everything.

To think that this enterprising Mary Ann Dooley had stood behind the \$100,000 plush curtains in one of the drawing-rooms, had sat upon those \$1,000 chairs and toyed with those \$5,000 cabinets, her gentle Irish feet moving gracefully over those \$50-a-yard carpets! And there she stood last night, unspotted, unharmed, the Annie Yeamans of the good old days. (It was obliged to say "good old days," because it sounds well. It doesn't really mean anything, you know.) And then there was Johnny Wild, who came in as a *Salvator Magnus*, with a black face and a mouth! Oh! the vicissitudes of these people! Since he has been seen with Harrigan Johnny Wild has been starting, poor fellow! See you the lines around the mouth, the pathetic glimmer in one eye? Know you what has caused them? It was the starting role. Johnny Wild belongs to New York, and every time he tries to foist himself upon Oklahoma, and Skowhegan and Red Bank, he will get left.

Joseph Sparks and James Radcliffe and Harry Fisher and Dan Burke and Richard Quiter all came in for their share of applause, and they deserved it. They were the "promoters" of the scheme as sure as that there were any.

Harrigan's latest play, "Nelly and the 400," resembles very closely his earlier efforts, and is not as entertaining as many of them. It introduces the usual Harrigan types who filter through a pawnshop, through Hester street, and through a music hall of picturesque appearance. They are all extremely good-natured folks, uttering witticisms with every breath, and cracking jokes as though they had nothing else to live for. Some of them are philosophers, too. It does an audience no harm to look at these bright, cheerful folks, seeing none of the dreary seams that intersect their lives. Few play-arguing would go to the slums for rollicking fun.

Harrigan does, though, and he seems to find it. Perhaps those of us who wait the shady sides of the city may look around for a Jemmy Jagger, or a Herman Smeltz, or a Tolly Taw, or a Hippolyte Dandy. Shall we find them? Not unless we have been inoculated with the Harrigan observational lymph. Dave Abraham's music was as excellent as any he has ever written. Some of the melodies were positively captivating and they were all worth hearing. The dance at the end of the first act was joyous. Mrs. Yeamans' "light fantastic toe" was a wonder. Carmenetta wasn't in it with her. Why, she could make dancing a specialty and blossom forth as a Yeamans, perfectly, legitimately. Of the cast good words can be said for nearly everybody. Miss Hattie Moore did nobly and Miss Emma Pollock admirably. Fred Peters sang very well and Joseph Sparks was a comedy in itself.

That much-quoted expression, "The 400," has its origin in the true meaning of the word, rollicking theatre. It has been looking around for a long time. McAlister has been of some use at any rate. He can do now.

SPOTLETS.

A very low temperature is apt to be regarded as mean weather.

Walker Blaine's spirit was not having a nice time "over there" than it did here. That speaks well for the place.

Jay Gould is something of an astronomer, but with him a "planet" generally is ahead of a "comet."

The Malaprop young man got there just the same when she told her "best teller" that she was fond of nautchah-cress.

Love is a devouring flame, and twenty, says the famous poet, built in fact as well as name.

Consuming brain and heart and health, And what a hole it burns in wealth.

Such a man when she is in the parlor alone with Charlie she always loves to have a key at hand.

It is funny how long a good resolution will last some men—that is, how many years.

The features of Christmas time are not its most soothing quality.

"What a nice woman your craft is," said Good-word. "She rights so well."

The weight of the transference, if he is a grocer, is apt to be light instead of heavy.

WORLDLINGS.

Two remarkably big men were buried at Marshall, Ill., last week. One was a hearty fellow, aged twenty, weighed 400 pounds and an eighteen-year-old son of David Reynolds weighed a few pounds more than 400. There was no hearse in town large enough to carry the coffin of either of these men.

A. W. Mich., dispute with him. Alger the dealer of "necrotic man in Michigan." He is a lumber dealer and is known far and wide in the State for his eccentricities.

Mrs. Reeves, the novelist, is one of the literary celebrities of London. She is of Irish parentage and was once married to a Frenchman, who was a woman, and an excellent "bit at cricket and a fair runner."

One block of real estate owned by Queen Victoria is the most valuable in the British Kingdom. It is in London, and is situated in the Quadrant and Regent street from Piccadilly Circus to Oxford street.

Mrs. Amelia Barr, the story writer, is said to have more money than does the Chief Justice of the United States.

"See here, Cadley, did you call me a common ass?"

No, Scabotson, I said you was an uncommon ass."

"Aw, that's different. I can't stand having anybody call me common," I know."

Returned After Many Days.

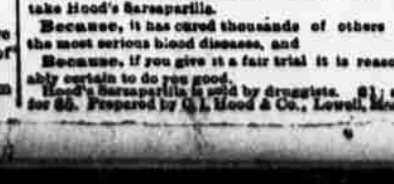
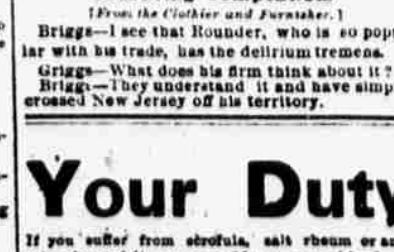
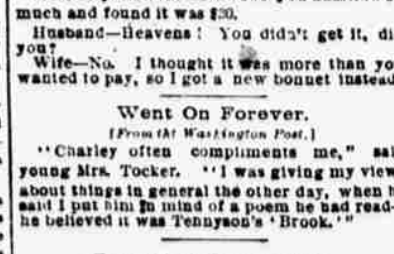
Briggs—I wonder why that fellow over there is wearing an outing shirt in the middle of Winter?

Griggs—He must have just got it back from the laundry.

CONVULSIONS. The doctor feeling as impossible where Mrs. M.'s teaching Cordial is used. See.

THE FOOLED GENDARME.

(From the *Flower de Blason*.)



IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

Chances that Tommy Danforth and Jack Boylan Will Fight.

Dick Stegeman's Colt—Lively Amateur Boxing Events in Prospect.

The chances are that Tommy Danforth, of this city, will be matched to-day to fight Jack Boylan, of Cincinnati, to a finish in this vicinity, before the end of January. They were to have met yesterday, but by mistake as to the time of meeting, they missed each other. If the match is not made before the close of the week it will be too late, interested sportsmen of New Orleans and the Dempsey-Pittsblum glove-fight, and if Boylan does not come to time here he will have to follow Danforth to the South. Danforth is under the impression that Jack Dempsey has the worst man to confront that he has ever met. He says Fitzsimmons is as big as Corbett, twice as clever and as quick as a cat. He has a long reach and is a hard hitter with both hands.

The Salvator Athletic Club, of Jersey City, will open a boxing tournament, open to colored boxers only, at Oakland Park next month. Some prominent athletes of Jersey City are at the head of the movement and anticipate making it a grand success.

Ginger McCormick has become a Benedict and has given up prize-fighting. He is now attending strictly to his business as a cattle dresser.

Mr. William O. Irving, of Jersey City, was offered \$100 for his colts bitch Nell, which is an exceptionally handsome animal, but the bait was not sufficiently tempting to induce him to part with his pet.

Ed Cloutman, of the Scottish-American Athletic Club, will enter the middle-weight class in the boxing tournament of the Pastime Athletic Club.

Dick Stegeman, keeper of the Road House on the Old Bergen road, has a handsome colt, seven months old, out of his late mare Lady Stegeman, which he refused to trade to a well-known stock dealer for Sorrel George, with a record at Pleasantwood of 2.12, and \$500 in money. Mr. Stegeman feels that he has got one of the best colts in America.

There is a movement on foot to match young Percy against Jimmy Murphy at 108 pounds. If it proves successful the public will see one of the best amateur bantam fights of the season, as both are clever and exceptionally hard fighters.

Terry Ambray, captain of the Scottish-American Athletic Club, is a lively hunter, and a great change in his place in the club since his election. He is preparing to hold a "jam," and things are beginning to look like old times.

James Hunt, of Jersey City, was out on the Old Bergen road yesterday with his handsome span of blacks.

The events open to all amateurs next Monday night, at the games of the Corinthian Athletic Club and Company, 27, Fort-seventh Regiment, and at following places in the city: 40-yard run, handicap; half-mile run, handicap; half-mile run, handicap; 15-mile walk, handicap; running high jump, handicap; and 2-mile bicycle race, handicap.

Harry Thompson, the feather-weight of the boots, is in active training for the Pastime tournament, and if he meets his old antagonist, Dave Lohy, the admirers of amateur boxing can look for a real treat.

The Middle States boxing tournament, under the auspices of the Yarns Club, will be one of the events of the season and will worth setting.

There will be any quantity of familiar faces of leading baseball players missing from the ranks next season. The players who are fully aware that there will have to be a great reduction in salaries, and all those who can secure other employment will leave the game in preference to submitting to the reduction.

The dozen or more players now in California have decided to leave the game in preference to submitting to the reduction. The general opinion that the very cream of the baseball players will be found on the Pacific slope next summer and that the Eastern men would much prefer playing in California at a reduced salary to going back under the control of their old managers.

It is more than likely that Dr. Dan Donovan, of Hartford, will be the champion of the Lake Hooknongka Gun and Fishing Club at the next meeting of that organization, as gunning and fishing is his favorite amusement.

Coming Events.

Read Post 44, G. A. R., will hold its seventh annual ball, for the grand public installation of officers, at the Lexington Avenue Opera-House, Wednesday evening, Jan. 14.

The Yum Yum Social Club's fifth annual ball, at the Lexington Avenue Opera-House, Wednesday evening, Jan. 14.

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Modern Court